
Title: Twin Oaks Terror 2

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Toric awoke to the sound of his door slamming against the wall, before he could ask any questions, Cabe rambled off the entire events as they had unfolded.

Toric hopped from his bed dressing himself quickly. The two men descended the stairs, Toric helped Cabe due to his twisted ankle. Toric noticed that Red wasn't at the top of the stairs, Cabe had left out that detail. When they reached the bottom of the stairs Cabe turned sharply knockign over one of the wooden stools next to the long wooden bar. Instantly one of the creatures broke out the window under the sign and was struggling to get in. Toric had seen these creatures before, Zombies he caleld them, the walkign dead. Cabe instructed him to leave him down here, and fetch the carpentry kits from the basement, they needed to board up the windows.

Toric disapeared down the stairs, and Cabe began to drag some furniture closer to the windows, being careful not to get to close, he thought about what it must be like to be devoured, and he felt sorry for Red, he also fealt guilty the dog had saved him. Another window

broke as Toric ran up
the stairs, thankfully
there would be enough
nails to cover the only
two walls with windows.
Toric broke down
furniture to workable
boards, as Cabe flailed a
torch he'd found from
one of the pillars above
the tables. Cabe seemed
to struggle even to stand,
Toric found it amazing
that he could roam from
window to window burning
any zombie who dare to
stay close enough. Toric
began to hammer the
broken furniture to the
windows, it seemed to
take forever, by the time
he had the first secure,
and was finishing up the
second, the zombies had
broken down the first
again. Realising this
wasn't going to work, the
two had to decide on
another plan. Cabe
thought they should
secure the basement, and
wait there for help, but
the younger Toric thought
it would be better to use
one of the rooms with
the sturdy door's
upstairs. The sound
outside increased as they
discussed there plans, and
both were sure the front
doors would not hold the
growing number of
monsters for long. Both
agreed that they would
need supplies, of wich
most were in the
basement, how could they
haul enoguh water up the
stairs to last the winter
or until help would arive,
but staying in the
basment wasnt such a
good idea either, they had
no idea how they would
block the stairs to keep
the mosnters out once
they had broke through
the main doors wich were

beginign to bend under the pressure. Cabe finnaly agreed to keep the monsters at bay with the torch while Toric hauled food and water to the rooms upstairs. Toric's first few trips consisted of some lighter kegs of ale, an empty water barrel, playing cards, a crate of rations, and two oars he found next to a tattered net at the bottom of the stairs to use as wepons or reinforce the door. He made many trips up the stairs carrying an open keg he was using to transport the water to the upstairs room, each time checking to make sure Cabe was alright. On his third trip carrying water, he noticed cabes limp was growing worse, as he rounded to corner at the top of the stairs to the second floor and made his way to the largest room, to dump the water in the barrel, he heard Cabe faintly shouting. Toric quickly dumped the water in the large barrel, it wasn't even half full, he knew he would have to work faster. Just has he opened the door to go back out into the hall he heard a loud crash, he grabbed the ore and ran with all his might to the stairs, runnign down them at top speed, but it was to late. One very feindish looking corpse was overtop of Cabe and as many as could fit were piling through the door, Toric was frozen in his tracks, as his companions screams filled the room, silenced only by the sounds of him choking on his own vomit. The

cold draft from the
broken door hit Toric in
the face like a
ton of bricks and
he snapped out of his
trance and took off for
the stairs back to the
top floor, with the
crowds size growing in
number on the bottom
floor, The zombies slowly
moved towards the stair
case knocking over
furniture and anything in
there way. Toric had an
explosion potion he was
saving for an emergency
and he figured this would
be his last chance to use
it, he threw it to the
bottom of the stair case,
killing three of the
zombies. He continued to
run top speed to his own
room, grabbing some
personal things as quickly
as he could and some
extra fire wood in record
time. As he left his room
and started for the
master sweet the first
slow moving rotting
corpses were rounding the
guard rail at the top of
the stair case. Toric ran
faster than before to
the door of the sweet.
Fumbling with his key
ring, he could hear the
dragging of the bodys
gettign closer just around
the corner from him, He
dropped the keyring, but
quickly retrieved it
focusing only on finding
the right key, finding the
skelitan key he jammed it
in the lock, just as she
did one of the zombies
rounded the corner within
six steps of him! He
turned the key and
opened the door quickly
pulling the key back out
of the lock, and slamming
the door behind him just
as the foul creature was
upon it. He quickly

baracaded the door using
one of the ores. Toric
sank to his knees and
began to weep, falling
back on the brown bear
rug, he could never
remeber beign this
terrified or having so
much terror and greif
mixed inside him. He
threw another log in the
fire place and made it to
his feet, wipign away the
tears from his face. He
sat down at an antique
dresser and staired at
his own reflection in the
mirror. He noticed a
journal on the desk, he
opened the first page
then closed it quickly, it
was Cables' handwriting.
Toric sat for a moment
trying to decide if he
should read it, but before
he made his mind up the
pounding on the door had
distracted him. He
reinforced it with the
second ore. An eager
groan caught his
attention, he had
forgotten about the
window to the outside, he
rushed over to the east
wall and looked down, he
could not belive the
masses of them and
suddenly the feelign of
hoplessness hit him,
before he thought he may
escape this alive, but now
he was sure there were
to many, no idea he could
come up with would kill
them all, and as for any
help comign it would be
at least a week before
the tempruature outside
was warm enough to
travel. He steped
backwards and sank down
so as his rear would
meet the plush bed, he
wrangled up the dark
green blanket in his arms
holding it close to him,
he bedan to cry again as

the
banging on the door
grew louder than ever.
Meanwhile

Dorry ran under the
stone arch of her home,
wich was not far
north-east of the Twin
Oaks, her house was
destryed, crumbling,
battered by the battle
tha ttook place, Dorry
was a Grandmaster Mage,
who had studied under
Nystul of the castle
British. She had managed
to kill a group of about
twenty of the zombies,
and had made her way to
the front of the tavern,
seekign refuge, she only
found more monsters, it
took her nearly a full
hour to dispatch the
entire group of monsters,
and make her way inside
and up the stairs, she
checked each room and
alogn the way killed
stragglign zombies. She
checked the sweet last,
She tryed to open the
door but it seemed to be
blocked by something. To
be continued...Look for
"Twin Oaks Terror 3".

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